THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 3, 1960 . . 25c

THE POWERS CASE

A Study in Comparative Law

Harold J. Berman

THE VOTE MARKET

Politics at the Ward Level

Harold Baron

LOLITA and LOLLIPOPS

Business Invents the Teen-ager

Eve Merriam

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LETTERS

Vote "No!"

Dear Sirs: I am increasingly impressed by the plight of the independent liberal or progressive voter in the forthcoming election. In the presidential category, we literally have "no place to go."

That being the case, I can only believe that our one chance to salvage anything is to try to pile up a large non-vote for either of the presidential candidates — that is, to vote in the congressional and state elections, but to refrain from voting for either Nixon or Kennedy.

Staying away from the polls entirely is negative and defeatist. But to vote for offices below the president-vice president level is to make a positive declaration of disapproval which — if the size of the non-vote is great enough — politicians will have to take into consideration in the future. . . .

T. E. WILSON

New York City

What Survival?

Dear Sirs: In a recent editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Stewart Alsop considered the matter of underground shelters against nuclear attack. He suggested that if the couple from the film *On The Beach* had had the foresight to build a "cozy little" shelter, they might have sat out in safety the two weeks of dangerous radioactive period following nuclear attack.

A few points are relevant.

GB, the latest development in nerve gases, is odorless, invisible and capable of being packaged and delivered by long range missiles. It is now being manufactured by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps. It is lethal in minutes. Presumably the Soviet Union does not lag behind us in research on chemical and biological weapons. Major General William H. Creasy, former Chief Chemical Officer of the United States Army, has declared that the ventilation system required by underground shelters would turn them into death traps for the citizenry in the event of chemical or germ warfare. . . .

After emerging from the "cozy" shelters, what do we do about radioactive Carbon-14, released in vast quantities by the so-called "clean" Hydrogen Bomb — an element absorbed in huge amounts by the human body, but which loses only half its dangerous radioactivity in 1,000 years? . . .

According to the estimate prepared by the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization, and published in *The New York Times*, June 27, 1959, in the event of a "limited" hydrogen-bomb war between the United States and the Soviet Union, those killed and injured immediately in the critical target areas in this country would amount to nearly 60,000,000. . . .

With the major cities of the nation destroyed and a pall of fire from the East to the West coast, there will be no food, no water, no clothing, no medicines, no hospitals, no airports. It has been claimed that the nation can survive nuclear attack. What sort of nation?

ARNOLD JOFFE, M.D.

Eastchester, N.Y.

Missing Word

Dear Sirs: In my article, "Is This Their Best?," on August 6 the verb "was" fell out of the copy and the meaning of this sentence was obscured:

"What interests me, even more than the accuracy of any version, is how Kennedy squared putting Johnson on the ticket one day after he (Kennedy) *was* struck one of the foulest blows of the 1960 campaign."

I then referred to Johnson's attempt to smear Kennedy (through his father) by asserting "I never was for Hitler."

Now that the Los Angeles convention is weeks behind us I still find it puzzling that any man who thinks he is worthy of becoming President would accept such a slur.

ROBERT G. SPIVACK

Washington, D.C.

Cort's Peeve

Dear Sirs: Because I find most articles by Mr. David Cort usually refreshing, I was somewhat chagrined to read "Report on the Juggernaut" (July 23).

It looks very much as though the driver is Mr. Cort's special peeve. He even quotes insurance companies' statistics that no less than 15,000,000 of them have tried to fleece the insurance companies of their jealously guarded funds.

Should Mr. Cort some day . . . make an unbiased study of traffic in the United States, he will probably find that the trouble started when that lil' gas vehicle developed into a lethal monster beyond the need of the average driver who has been forced to accept it in ever increasing numbers. Against a background such as this, no amount of highway building will ever solve the problem of traffic slaughter. As for legislation, a careful analysis will reveal that most traffic laws passed in recent years and presently contemplated are designed to "get" the driver and not at the heart of the problem.

IRWIN SHAPPIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Africa: More Coming

While the Congo teeters on the brink of civil war and the Mali Federation fissions, further troubles are incubating in the Dark Continent which, with the Caribbean, shares the honors as the political hot spot of the world. But hope vies with foreboding. One significant aspect of the current situation is that so far the carnage has been more verbal than military. Another is that no one has any idea of how to deal with the problems of emerging African nationalism except through the United Nations. On the eve of retirement, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge sums up the Congo operation as "the most advanced and sophisticated job the U.N. has ever undertaken." He could have added that it is not necessarily the most advanced, sophisticated, complex and expensive the U.N. ever will undertake. The Congo is a good-sized country, but Africa is a big continent — the world's second largest — and politically the most chaotic. Anyone who thinks that all will be well if order is brought out of the turbulence the Belgians left behind when the Congo became too much for them, need only inspect the applications for new memberships in the U.N. presently before the Security Council and awaiting action by the General Assembly. On August 23 the Council unanimously recommended admission of eight newly independent members of the French Community in Africa: Dahomey, Niger, Upper Volta, the Ivory Coast, Republic of the (French) Congo, Chad, Gabon and the Central African Republic. Approved previously by the Council and awaiting Assembly action are the applications of Cameroon, Togo, Mali, Malagasy, Somalia and the Republic of the (Belgian) Congo. Of course some of these lands may give an example of sweet reasonableness to their older brethren, but that all of them will be so obliging is hardly to be expected. The former Belgian Congo, even before its formal admission, has taxed the juridical and financial resources of the organization. To prevent such crises in other parts of the underdeveloped world (a sizable part of which is in Africa) will call for massive technical and financial assistance from the industrialized nations.

The most interesting and hopeful part of all this is that the job is so colossal that nobody cares to tackle it on a national basis. No Great Power is great enough, no Superpower is super enough, to dare make the attempt to furnish aid with its own political strings directly attached. Both the United States and the Soviet Union will gladly receive whatever political and propaganda benefits may accrue from the ex-Belgian Congo embroilment. *Pravda* emits a stream of threats and recriminations, but in the Security Council the Soviet representative, after contributing his meed of excoriation (some of it not altogether undeserved), votes quietly with the majority. For his part, Mr. Lodge declares that the U.N. has itself become a "power fact" (in Suez, Lebanon, and now in the Congo) and predicts that the new nations will look more and more to the U.N. as a "safe bridge" between their newly found independence and the organization of their political and economic life. He assures us that the United States will gladly pay its fair share of the bill. Coming from the probable next Vice President of the United States, that is a bright spot in a heavily overcast sky.

The Color-Blind Stopwatch

When the athletes from eighty-five nations marched into the Olympic stadium in Rome on August 25, the United States flag bearer was Rafer Lewis Johnson of Kingsburg, California. "Among the athletes," *Time* writes in its issue of August 29, "were scores of strong-willed and strong-muscled individuals, men and women with the zeal to toil through tedious years of training and the control to reach their peak in the brief, intense flurry of competition. Even in such a high-caliber group, a dignified U.S. Negro named Rafer Johnson stood out." Johnson, a decathlon champion, is regarded by many as the finest athlete in the world. He is also president of his class at UCLA and greatly admired both by his friends and competitors, including his great rival, Vasily Kuznetsov of the Soviet Union. It is a far cry from the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, when Hitler left the stadium to avoid having to present a medal to the great Negro runner, Jesse Owens. And it is as far from

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the days when "Satchel" Paige, conceded to be the finest ballplayer in the United States, could not play in organized baseball.

What is it that makes American Negroes such fine athletes? In professional boxing, in basketball and baseball, in field and track events, including most of the jumps and the sprints and middle-distance runs up to a mile, they play a role out of proportion to their numbers. The answer probably is that the Negro, discriminated against openly or subtly in most fields, finds one mode of expression that is no longer closed to him and in which no one dares to try to thwart him. For the greater glory of Uncle Sam or his college or for the financial gain of sports promoters, he must be allowed to compete. "This is a most remarkable human being," a clergyman who knows Rafer Johnson well is quoted as saying. "He is as gentle as a child, and yet he is tremendously competitive." When people are treated simply as people, without regard to race, creed or color, the results can be so gratifying that one would think the practice should be more widespread.

Career for a Young American

Last fall, the Modern Language Association of America, with funds supplied by the Ford Foundation, sponsored a conference of specialists to review the status of the Chinese language in the curricula of American schools. Their findings, from many points of view, were dismaying. Fewer than 1,000 Americans, scattered through a bare one-fourth of the country's 1,800 accredited colleges, are studying the language spoken by an estimated half-billion people. Or, to put the matter in another way, for every 5,000,000 people who speak Chinese, there is one lone American who is trying to learn to understand what they are saying. This is indeed a cavalier attitude for us to take toward the world's largest country, which within a generation may also be the world's leading country — economically, militarily, perhaps even technologically. And on the most pragmatic basis, the lack of cultural communication which the language barrier implies cannot be casually dismissed. There is no understanding a people without an understanding of their culture; and without understanding, too often there is no meeting ground except the battlefield.

It is with these facts in mind that the Modern Language Association is seeking ways to encourage the study of Chinese and to improve the techniques. But in the last analysis, they can do no more than provide more and better teaching (at a generous estimate, about 100 teachers are now available). It is today's college generation which must provide the learners, and to this end the establishment of a substantial number of scholarships — provided by colleges, by foundations, by the federal government — would be a distinct contribution to the national interest.

Only people insensitive to the great forces shaping the contemporary world would deny that there is a career ahead for the American who speaks and reads Chinese.

Teller and Bethe

Both sides at the stalled Geneva negotiations on a formal prohibition of nuclear testing have agreed by mutual consent to recess without an agreement on controls and inspection. The United States has been threatening to resume testing. However, after the matter was debated in the National Security Council, John A. McCone, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Under Secretary of State Livingston T. Merchant flew to London to discuss the matter with the British, who succeeded in getting a United States commitment against unilateral resumption of testing, at least until after the November elections. The moratorium will therefore last at least another three months. If Mr. Nixon is elected, the decision to resume testing could come in November, since the Vice President is already part of the government.

In the August issue of *Atlantic Monthly* Dr. Hans Bethe has an article, "The Case for Ending Nuclear Tests," which is a model of rational thinking on the subject. Dr. Bethe shows clearly that the United States has gained rather than lost by the moratorium, and that if tests were resumed the Russians would probably set off a series of megaton explosions, while the principal interest of the American nuclear technologists is in further development of tactical weapons. If, on the contrary, a treaty can be concluded, an enormous political gain will be realized by the entire world, since the Russians will for the first time permit foreign international inspectors to go on their soil and check on some of their activities. "Opponents of the test cessation agreement want . . . a perfect agreement," writes Dr. Bethe. "They want . . . an agreement in which we can be sure to detect each and every violation, no matter how small. I think that by insisting on perfection we shall end up with nothing." He is talking of Dr. Teller.

The Sound of Progress

Two items from *Nafbrat*, published by the National Association for Better Radio and Television:

The FCC has ordered radio station KIMN (Denver) to cease-and-desist from broadcasting the sound of a toilet flushing;

The British Broadcasting Corporation has barred the sound of bones being broken from its television programs. Violence must not be accompanied by audible fracture.

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THE POWERS CASE . . *by Harold J. Berman*

A STRIKING fact about the Powers trial, and a source of confusion to so many of our political commentators, is the Soviet use of orthodox legal principles and procedures to score what is loosely called a "propaganda" victory.

Prior to the trial, many American writers predicted that Powers would be "brainwashed," that his lawyer would not really defend him, and that the proceedings would be, from a legal point of view, a farce. Comparisons were made with the notorious purge trials of 1936-38, when abject confessions were extorted from the defendants, who testified at times to acts which they could not possibly have committed. Learned essays were written contrasting Soviet and American criminal procedure, in which it was stated that in Soviet law there is no presumption of innocence, the defense counsel is supposed to serve the state and not the defendant, and indictment is tantamount to conviction. It was widely thought that the whole proceeding would be "political," a "propaganda stunt," in which the defendant would be used as a whipping-boy to publicize Soviet charges against the United States government.

Now it appears that the trial *was* used in order to publicize Soviet charges against the United States government—and yet it was at the same time a fair trial, in the sense that Powers did not appear to be "brainwashed" (whatever that means), his lawyer put up the best possible defense under Soviet law, the trial procedure (though different from our own) preserved most of the basic principles of procedural justice, the prosecution was required to prove its case, and the sentence was neither too harsh nor too mild. Those who take a contrary view of the fairness of the proceedings seem to forget that the only legal issue in the case was the measure of punishment (seven to fifteen years' imprisonment or death), since Powers was clearly guilty of violating the Soviet law of espionage, which, like our own espionage law, makes it a punishable offense for a foreigner to gather secret military information for the purpose of sending it to a foreign power.

And so *two* "propaganda" victories were scored, for in addition to the enormous amount of publicity given to the United States espionage flight over Soviet territory (and, what is even more serious, our refusal publicly to admit that such flights are a violation of international law and to express regrets), the Soviet legal system was paraded before the world as just and even somewhat humane.

Thus the newspaper readers of this country have been given a lesson in comparative law. Yet it is questionable how many were able to grasp that lesson, for generally speaking even our own legal system is something of a mystery to non-lawyers and a foreign legal system—and especially the Soviet system—is a blank. It is likely that most Americans learned for the first time through the Powers trial that the Russians have a legal system at all!

DESPITE Lenin's statement that "law is politics," and despite the Soviet doctrine that a law is an expression of the will of the dominant class (which means, in the Soviet context, the will of the top leadership of the Communist Party), there is nevertheless a relatively stable and viable legal system in the Soviet Union, with regular judicial procedures, protection of the rights of the accused, and indeed a belief in the necessity of "strict legality" as a means not only of insuring the efficiency and stability of the social and economic order but also of satisfying the sense of justice which is so strong in the Russian people. Enough tourists have by now brought back stories of their visits to Soviet courts to cure us of the notion that "there is no law in Soviet Russia," and that "law cannot exist under a totalitarian regime."

Of course there is law—how can you possibly run a complex, unified modern society involving 200 million people without a very great deal of law?—and of course there are abuses of law, especially in political cases. Under Stalin those abuses were so serious as to compromise the whole legal system. Under Khrushchev, the Russian people have been promised that the regime will no longer abuse law, even in political cases.

Khrushchev's pledge to maintain legality, and his sponsorship of important law reforms affecting both political and non-political cases, are rightly thought by many to be an encouraging factor in international relations. If the Soviet leaders have recognized that law has a positive role to play in maintaining a stable order at home, this is a hopeful sign that they will recognize that law has a positive role to play in maintaining a stable world order as well. Indeed, there is some comfort to be derived from Khrushchev's appeal to international law in his condemnation of overflights by the United States. The more the Soviet leaders become attached to international law, whether out of self-interest or habit, the more hopeful are the chances of building world peace.

The Powers case is significant, then, as a demonstration of what the Soviet regime means by legality. It was, on the whole, a normal trial by the new Soviet standards reflected in the law reform movement since Stalin's death and particularly in the 1958 legislation on criminal procedure and on laws against the state. Powers' rights were enhanced by the new requirement that trials for anti-state crimes in the Military Division of the Supreme Court of the USSR be held in public (except where state secrets would be divulged); by the change in terminology from "counter-revolutionary crimes" to "crimes against the state"; by the clear provisions that the burden of proof is not on the defendant and that no inference of guilt may be drawn from the mere fact of indictment (which is the substance of the doctrine of "presumption of innocence," although the technical phrase was rejected as "bourgeois" by the Soviet

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draftsmen). Furthermore, he profited from the reduction of the maximum period of confinement for espionage from twenty-five to fifteen years; and he will profit, presumably, from the very considerable liberalization of the system of detention which took place in 1954-56, and from the more lenient rules with respect to parole which were enacted in 1954.

YET there are certain features of Soviet criminal procedure which infringe basic rights of the accused; and two of these features were prominent in the Powers case. One is the fact that a suspect may be detained incommunicado during the preliminary investigation, prior to indictment — normally for one month but with permission of the Procurator General of the USSR up to nine months. During this period he is not entitled to counsel. A man kept in solitary confinement for a long time tends to lose his perspective; he tends to depend on the investigator to tell him what to say. (We should not be too smug about this, for Rudolph Abel, the Soviet spy who was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment by the federal district court in New York in 1958, was questioned ceaselessly for five days without sleep and thereafter kept in solitary confinement and interrogated daily by the F.B.I. and Immigration officials for three weeks, prior to being arraigned. The United States Supreme Court, by a 5 to 4 vote, sustained the conviction on the ground that Abel was an alien arrested by the Immigration and Naturalization Service for purposes of instituting deportation proceedings and that deportation proceedings are not subject to the constitutional safeguards for criminal prosecutions. But ordinarily in the federal courts anyone charged with a crime must be arraigned forthwith, and is then entitled to have counsel; if these rights are infringed his conviction will be reversed.)

Secondly, in the Powers case there were the television cameras and the enormous Soviet press condemnation of the defendant. (One American court has permitted trials to be televised, but it may well be a violation of due process of law and reversible error. In England, but not in the United States, one-sided press comment on a trial in progress is not permitted, on the ground that public opinion should not be allowed to sway the course of the trial even indirectly.)

These two features of Soviet law not only affect the rights of the defendant; they also make it easier to exploit the trial for political purposes. And that is what was done in the Powers case. The Powers trial was a "demonstration trial"—as the Soviet writers term those occasional trials to which various segments of the population are invited in order to be taught an important lesson of a social or political nature.

One abnormal feature, however, was the heavy emphasis on examination of the accused by the prosecution and the defense counsel. Normally, such interrogation in a Soviet court, as in the courts of most European countries, is carried on primarily by the judges; but both Procurator General Rudenko and defense counsel Griniov had participated in the Nuremberg trials and had seen the advantages of the Anglo-American system of examination and cross-examination by counsel. They no doubt also realized its special advantages for a "demonstration trial" of the Soviet type, where one of the main purposes of the entire proceedings is to bring home certain truths to the spectators and to the public at large.

THERE IS, of course, a tension between the interest of the Soviet state in showing its impartiality, its correctness, its respect for law, on the one hand, and its interest, on the other hand, in using law as an instrument for molding the thought of the public on political or other issues. Under all systems of law the accused is apt to suffer when his trial is lifted above its individual facts and deliberately made an object lesson for society. Soviet court procedures in general, and not only demonstration trials, are intended to be object lessons for society, means of educating the members of society to be loyal, obedient, disciplined fighters for Communist ideals.

This, then, is one of the primary lessons in comparative law which the Powers trial teaches. The Soviet leaders believe that law, and especially the judicial process, can be used consciously and explicitly as an instrument of social and political education. Even the rights guaranteed for the protection of the accused can serve this educational goal. Thus the requirement of Soviet law (as of other Continental European legal systems) that even when the accused admits his guilt there must be a trial in which the prosecution proves its case—a requirement which seems humane in that it helps to guard the accused against the consequences of a false confession—served in the Powers case as a means of extracting the maximum political value from the trial. (In some states of the United States a guilty plea is not accepted in cases of crimes subject to the death penalty, and in our federal courts, the judge may if he chooses refuse to accept a guilty plea; but normally under our system if the defendant pleads guilty there is no trial, but only a hearing to determine the proper sentence.)

The indictment—under our system normally a short statement indicating the barest essentials of the crime charged—is, under Soviet and Continental European law, a long report by the investigator of all the evidence in the case. The accused cannot be surprised at trial by evidence not listed in the indictment. But here, too, the 4,000-word indictment of Powers, containing (together with some irrelevant reproaches of American "aggression") perfectly relevant allegations of statements by the highest United States officials admitting that Powers was sent by them to gather secret military information—which *is* espionage not only according to the Soviet definition but also according to American and other definitions—served both as a means of acquainting the defendant with the evidence to be used against him and as a means of influencing political thought.

Thus Soviet law and Soviet politics are closely related, not only in the political sense but also in the legal sense. Law is law, and yet it is intended to serve political ends; it is permeated with conscious political purposes, and yet it cannot fulfill

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those purposes properly if it is abused. The result is not the crude melodrama of the 1930s purge trials. The result, at least the intended result, is correct procedure, a proper sentence—and a political victory.

We cannot successfully counteract Soviet political victories by denouncing Soviet law for what it is not. Surely in the Powers case, where the defendant's guilt was admitted by him and supported by a superabundance of evidence, it was a gross underestimation of the intelligence of the Soviet leadership, and of the vitality of Soviet law, to assume, as so many American writers did (and as some still do), that the trial could only be a sham and a farce. It is true that the ancient Greeks would not hear the testimony of a slave unless he had been first tortured; but the science of judicial procedure has advanced since those days. The Russians are perfectly capable of putting on an excellent trial, and they did! Our only proper response to the trial procedure as such is to point out that, although it works well when the defendant is guilty, there are certain safeguards lacking which could seriously prejudice a defendant who is innocent.

Beyond that, we may properly be concerned about the flagrant use of the trial to achieve the political aims of the Soviet government. Just as there are positive implications for world peace in the Soviet movement for law reform at home during the past seven years, so prospects for establishing an enduring legal framework for international relations are adversely affected by the failure of the Soviet leadership to draw the proper line between law and politics. Admittedly, in the international arena the line is far more indefinite than in most areas of domestic affairs. Yet unless it can be drawn somewhere, international law will indeed become propaganda.

Here, too, *we* have erred, for we have refused—for political reasons—to recognize the validity of the Soviet claim that we violated international law. Our assertion of a right to send reconnaissance planes over the Soviet Union, in violation of the universally accepted rule that each state has sovereignty in the air space above its territory (or at least in that portion of the air space in which military planes can fly), will continue to disturb the peace of the world until we withdraw it—until we pay lip service, at least, to a principle which many countries have secretly infringed but which no other government has openly rejected.

This, too, deeply affects the Powers case. For the trial made it clear that primarily it was not Powers but espionage, and especially aerial reconnaissance, that was condemned by the Soviet court. The Soviet Government having failed in its effort to get an expression of regret from the principal, the Procurator General wrung one out of the agent. It is possible that Powers would be paroled and sent home if the State Department should ever recant its doctrine of the right to send reconnaissance planes over "closed societies." Such a recantation might be made in the form of an international agreement defining the lower limits of outer space into which satellites may be sent over a country's territory. But whatever the form, until we utter some condemnation of aerial reconnaissance, we shall not hear the end of the Powers case, for his trial and conviction were conceived as a symbol of the judgment which Soviet law passes on our government's violation of international law.

LOLITA and LOLLIPOPS . . *by Eve Merriam*

SHORTLY after the Second World War, a most remarkable birth occurred. The biggest creature of all time had been conceived, to be fondly named The Teen-age Market. American production was at its highest; how could consumption be brought up to meet it? Adults were buying, but it wasn't enough. Millions of youngsters, formerly playing hopscotch and mumblety peg, were suddenly declared ready-made for all the ready-to-wearables that manufacturers were spewing forth. They were too young to own cars, too young for washing machines and other hard goods: the hard sell for soft goods was on.

Teen-age is the generic title, but the actual age range spans from the lollipop league to Lolita and beyond. Not that all teen-agers are included. As the reckoning goes, by 18 or 19 —the time of the late teens—they have graduated to the rating of young adults. According to this scale, the late teens become 15 to 17, the teen teens are 13 and 14, preteens are 11 and 12 and subteens are officially 9 and 10. But the count is getting lower all the time.

Each segment of this rigidly staked-out market is wooed with an astonishing variety of fungibles, from Hound Dog orange lipstick endorsed by Elvis Presley with the plea to "keep me on your lips always" (over 250,000 sold in thirty days) to *Mad* magazine cuff links and tieclasps featuring the grinning, toothmissing face of Alfred E. Newman, mythical editor of the monthly.

Eight out of ten teen-agers own a wrist watch, 15 per cent own two, and more than half expect to receive one for a high school graduation present. Three out of four own their own radios and phonographs. Perhaps a good many parents have made sacrifices here in order to get away from rock 'n roll, but the teensters are doing well on their own. Some 800,000 work at full-time jobs; many more take on part-time work after school hours and have summer jobs. Allowances have upped enormously to an average of $10 a week, compared to $2.50 in 1945. And as

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more families make the trek to suburbia, some allowances move far upward of the average. The grand total in teen-age buying power is estimated by *Life* at $10 billion annually, more conservatively by *Newsweek* at $9.5 billion.

Where does the money go? The disk jockeys spin the latest Fabian record—interspersed with commercials for the local emporia—and the money comes out so: $9 million for home permanents; $20 million for lipsticks; $25 million for deodorants, and more, much more, to make an impressive sum of $300 million for all toiletries and cosmetics. Ready-to-wear takes a triple toll, some $900 million.

IF TODAY'S teen-ager, as a special mutant of the human species, is not an immaculate conception on the part of manufacturers, then surely artificial insemination is involved. No such distinctive grouping had ever existed or been designated as worthy of note in previous periods. Adolescent behavior, yes; but the adolescent as a source of buying power to be cajoled, courted and captured, this is new. It is now so much a part of our mores that it is startling to realize it began only in 1945.

That year marks the emergence on the national scene of Eugene Gilbert, an enterprising young man whose mark of authority seemed to be that he was an ex-teen-ager. He set himself up as the Gilbert Youth Foundation, sold a syndicated column about teen-agers to a series of newspapers, and offered his services to manufacturers and retailers who were looking for new markets to conquer. Gilbert took polls to find out what kind of peanut butter teen-agers liked to spread on white bread, and whether they preferred their fashions smooth or crunchy.

The kid-oriented Kiplinger struck gold on the first attempt. Others then got into the act, but Gilbert's word is hi-gospel. He has conducted over six million interviews with teen-agers, and operates a national network of close to 5,000 teen-agers as poll-takers. His findings are passed on with all the seriousness of an archaeologist relaying the markings on the Rosetta Stone. Teen-agers spend over $100 million in Mother's Day gifts; close to $70 million for Father's Day. Since the average teen-ager is not saddled with fixed family responsibilities, his income can be spent freely. Why not encourage him to spend it freely-er? Approximately two million electric shavers are sold to teen-agers; wouldn't the razor-heads like to try for four?

Gilbert lectures, writes for *Harper's* and like magazines, addresses conclaves of industry. Experienced elder statesmen in the business field listen attentively while he tells the shoe manufacturers they've got to move their teen departments farther away from the children's shoe section—teen-agers don't like to be reminded that they once sucked lollipops. Furthermore, he advises them, teen-agers come home and the first thing they do is clunk off their shoes, so why don't you consider marketing a special teen-age slipper for them to sport around the house?

The Motivational Research Institute, headed by Dr. Ernest Dichter, daddy of all hidden-persuasion techniques, also dives with a big splash into the made-up market. An Institute spokesman assures the cosmetic manufacturers that they are not merely trying to increase their sales; they are conferring soul-status: "one of the main functions of cosmetics for teen-agers is as a tool in their search for identity." The psychological knackwurst is spread with relish:

> The adolescent doesn't only ask "Who am I?" With equal anxiety she also asks "Where do I belong?" Her deepest wish is to be accepted by her group and to feel she belongs there completely. Then, once her wish to belong is fulfilled, she wants something more. She wants to be "somebody" . . . and leadership is often conferred on the basis of great knowledge and skillful use of cosmetics. Excellence in cosmetics causes more comment as a rule and yields greater authority than excellence in scholastic achievements.

The manufacturers, by purveying their tubes and bottles and jars, are offering souls, school ratings and even a course in living literature, for

> Finally, cosmetics among teen-agers is a most important means of communication. It is not only a subject in which they are deeply interested, but one through which they explore each other's mind, taste, disposition. Brands and brand knowledge are very important to them. For all these reasons girls are also very aware of cosmetics advertisements. They study them conscientiously. They deeply believe in advertising and they believe

Drawing by Burmah Burris from *Figleaf*.

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just as deeply in the specialized publications directed at them. Because teen-agers are so skeptical about the adult world, these means of mass communication have a very heavy responsibility in the formation of this wonderfully sensitive new generation.

The heaviest formation in the field is *Seventeen*, the schoolgirl's required reading. Its slogan is "Brand loyalty *starts* in *Seventeen*, and it's easier to START a habit than to STOP one!"

Seventeen's average reader is estimated to be fourteen years old, and some of the advertisements would seem to be slightly out of order: wedding and engagement rings, furniture, fabrics, mascara, girdles, silverware. But then, as *Seventeen* says, it's easier to start than to stop. The issue of September, 1959, contained 240 pages—of which 110 were totally composed of advertisements. Almost a hundred more pages carried partial columns of advertising. Fifty contained none—except that thirty-two out of those fifty listed fashions from department stores, and itemized prices and sizes.

The editorializing lists frankly to the fashion side. A feature entitled "Hates, Habits, Heroes" begins:

> Girls keep the lid on their feelings in some situations—but not when clothes are involved. Being frankly joyous about it when you "flip" for a fashion is IN. . . . So is the graceful, feminine look (waist-hiders like the chemise are kaput). . . . Leotards are popular . . . earrings being worn more often for movie dates . . . stockings for school becoming the custom in Wichita Falls, Texas; Arlington, Virginia and other cities. . . .

Donald B. Armstrong, Jr., corporate vice president of McCann Erickson, one of the largest agencies in the country, states, "In my opinion, the youth market is the most challenging one we have. It is constantly searching—and at the same time constantly in need of support. The teen needs security, but he doesn't know how to name it, nor what it looks like, nor—most importantly—what it feels like."

The teen-ager is getting that security named for him in a big brand-name way. *Scholastic* magazine has issued a study showing that teen-agers are more brand conscious than their parents: over 90 per cent prefer to buy a product which carries a label or name that they have seen advertised. Of course they are brand conscious; they're lucky they haven't been knocked unconscious by the bombardment.

Rutgers University does a three-year panel study among three thousand teen-agers. The theme: whether teensters turn to their own age group or to adults for advice and counsel on such subjects as what to wear and whom to invite to a party.

Youth Welfare Boards and citizens' community groups are desperately in need of personnel and funds, but then they're working the wrong side of the street. The sunny side is where the poll-takers are out asking such vital questions as, "Do you like your sweaters baggy or crew-cut? Slacks with a belt in the back or side-tabbed?"

The statistics pile up awesomely to form a "natural" picture of average American teen-agers. The image is about as natural as George Washington's wooden teeth. The commodity sellers, nevertheless, keep piling it on.

Our corporate vice president assures us that there are 103 different kinds of teen-age problems:

> Here are the most important fifteen: Trouble keeping my temper . . . . Worry about little things. . . . Can't help daydreaming. . . . Have a crush. . . . Do things I later regret. . . . Feel I'm not as smart as others. . . . Get stage fright before a group. . . . Want to gain or lose weight. . . . Want to improve posture or body build. . . . Want to get rid of pimples. . . . Seldom have dates. . . . Don't have girl (boy) friend. . . . Want more people to like me. . . . Want to make friends. . . . Need to develop self-confidence.

One would think that this listing would call for the services of doctor, psychiatrist, sympathetic teacher, more affection and more attentive listening from parents. His conclusion, however, is: "If this list doesn't make them perfect prospects for the fashion, cosmetic and allied industries—I don't what does!"

Montaigne once observed that if you tell a man he is brave, he becomes so. Today's market-molders have adapted the principle in their own resourceful way: tell a teen-ager that he is a supreme consumer of commodities, and he will begin to behave so. In real life, he begins to parrot the ersatz teen-agers represented in the advertisements. A Midwestern high school girl writes a letter to her local paper, the Columbus *Evening Republican*:

> As a teen-age consumer, I represent profit to the American business world. The money I acquire is transferred from my hand to the hand of a clerk in exchange for the many items that I want. [She works after school as a car-hop at Jerry's Drive-In; with salaries and tips, she averages $25 a week, and in addition gets a small allowance from her parents.] Now comes the question of spending. What do I buy? Why do I buy? My needs differ considerably from the things that I want. One bathing suit each summer is all I need, but I like to have two or three. I don't need ten pairs of shoes, but I like to have many different styles and colors. Fifteen dresses aren't necessary, but I like "scads" of summer dresses. . . .
>
> What does all this mean? It means that with a sigh of relief at not being odd, I can class myself as average.

Well, kid, do you want to be like everybody and have everybody like you, or do you want to be an oddball, a freak? Then reach into that pocket and dig. And dig Mom and Pop for the rest of what it takes to be classed as "average."

RECENTLY, a seventeen-year-old girl on Long Island was arrested for shoplifting. Her plea—which did not save her from being put into jail—was that she was stealing clothes for her trousseau. Perhaps she was a confirmed juvenile delinquent before the fashion frenzies were foisted by the teen-age market complex. But how abnormal is she in today's atmosphere? Parents in Silver Spring, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C., have issued a booklet on family guidance. In considering the special problems of girls, the booklet notes that shoplifting is more common than parents might believe among girls in their early teens.

Teen-agers, illegally trafficking in goods, don't always get away with the loot. The traffic in teen-agers, however, goes on and on.

A high school journalism institute

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requires its students to fill out a four-page questionnaire about their financial habits—ranging from the amount and source of weekly income to how many pairs of bobby socks they own. The director explains that it is more than an abstract exercise: "We are using the results of this survey to indicate to high school editors and business managers that their papers are natural outlets for this type of advertising."

The public school system, too, is making an inadvertent contribution. Seeking for ways to combat juvenile delinquency, an edict has been issued: no more sneakers or blue jeans or pullovers in class; a shirt and tie every day for every boy. Blouses and skirts or dresses for the girls.

If you're really bent on hijacking a car or holding up a bank, you can do it in Ivy League slacks as well as in dungarees, but the rule is strictly enforced. Sneakers are long-wearing; so are jeans. The budget for Junior's clothing has had to be increased, and Father is not too happy about the fact. Mother isn't saying much; she's too busy washing and ironing all the teen-styled blouses and skirts that shake off dirt and require little or no pressing. The makers of wearing apparel, though, are feeling fine, thank you, and looking brighter-eyed and more youthful every day.

THE volume control on the teen dial tunes up louder and louder. The statistics become lusciously mouth-watering. By 1965, young people will stand (and crawl) seventy-seven million strong and will represent about 40 per cent of our population. The youth market will then be larger than the total population of the United States in 1900. Rhetorical questions are rolled with delight: are these young people just a lot of bodies, or are they a market for goods and services? What about all the money annually burning a $10 billion hole in their able pockets? Do our manufacturers stand ready and willing to pour on more oil and help the flames blaze higher?

Onward and upward with the art of youth salesmanship. In sagas of the old Wild West, when the U.S. marshal entered a territory, the first thing he did was to find out how many able-bodied men were in the vicinity so he could deputize them as sheriffs in time of emergency. In today's emergency times, when super-production reigns and consumption has to be forced, before a U.S. manufacturer enters a territory, the first thing he wants to know is: How many teen-agers have you got and where are they? Thus armed, he can proceed to organize his campaign.

What can he promote that may turn out to be as big a hit as last year's beanie or gob hat? Perhaps he can stir up a new kick for leather jackets; a way of presenting skin-tight pants so they can be even tighter; plaid petticoats worn outside instead of inside. His worthy causes are many as he seeks to honor the profit system. He may decide to stage a fashion show at the high school gymnasium, or the central bowling alley. Let's go, kids, that's *spending* money in your pocket.

THE SELL reaches down lower and lower as the teen market is boosted into bigger and bigger business. The Teenform Company advises that many experts feel a bra gives a girl more self-confidence, even if she isn't developed. Talk it over with your mother, they urge; she'll understand. Tell her, too, that Teenform is a company that makes bras *only* for young figures. Choose Cream Puffs, a six-way embroidered bra; Littlest Angel, with magic Grocup of nylon Helenca that grows as you grow; Dawn; or Debuteen. Lest Susy forget to remember all the pertinent facts, they address a separate booklet to The Understanding Mother, who should know that her be-Tween age daughter may have an emotional need for a bra, even when she is undeveloped, in order to feel grown-up or "be like the other girls." The understanding mother knows, too, that a girdle (in Dancing Doll design or peppermint stripes) can sometimes help ease psychological "growing pains."

And you are never too young for beauty care, is the judgment of *Vogue*. They suggest that if a little girl needs glasses, she should be fitted at age twelve for contact lenses. Before then, they intimate, she may not be ready to assume all the responsibilities that beauty entails, and might just throw the contact lenses away at night along with her cut-outs and bubble-gum wrappers —and those little plastic circles are expensive. *Vogue* acknowledges that little girls don't yet need hormone creams to give the illusion of restoring youth to their aging skin, but they state that coiffure fashion is best learned young. As for eyelashes, well, "the merest flick of mascara will do fascinating things." And while hormone creams and bee jellies may be postponed, *Vogue* takes a firm stand for foundation creams right now.

> We're all for them for scientific reasons. Many foundations, nowadays, are loaded to the bottle-tops with those marvelously protective ingredients known as moisturizers. These, according to experts, are what help keep your skin dewy and smooth come-what-may. Weather belongs in the come-what-may category, and it's wise to remember that weather happens indoors — four years in a cosily overheated dormitory can frazzle the most damask cheek. Therefore: latch on to the moisturizing beauty aids—cleansers, night creams, foundations —E*A*R*L*Y.

Every reputable dermatologist knows that creams cannot penetrate the skin, and that soap and water is still the most efficient cleansing agent. But the "expert" voices of authority call louder, and their "scientific reasons" are heeded.

A recent study by the Federal Office of Education notes a marked increase in sophisticated behavior patterns among the young. In 1945, only .5 per cent of thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds were "going steady." Today, the number has increased twenty times. Patterns for sophistication are copied down to ever younger levels—to children between the ages of nine and eleven. The report found youngsters in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades "going steady," wearing lipstick and nylon stockings.

And on down the line to little baby consumer, where the lowest is dressed in the height of fashion. The speed-up in changing styles of wom-

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en's dresses and coats is now operating at an accelerated rate among the tricycle set today. The squared-off, unbelted chemise; the triangular trapezoid shape that came along after; the high Empire waistline that followed the trapezoid; the mantailored look; the lavish ladylike collar—every incoming adult fashion was in turn promoted for millions of little Betsys. Nor are all the little Bobbys neglected. The Ivy League look in men's wear has been handed down to sonny; and every year the trousers are to be tapered more, and the lapels cut on a narrower line. In summer he is clad in a cabana set of matching shorts and shirt like Dad's; in winter, a sports-car coat. Children's clothes are booming—not only because little girls and boys grow so fast, but because the styles are changed so fast.

AMONG the pioneers in this new children's crusade was Proctor and Gamble. They introduced a children's home permanent, Lilt Party Curl, "for girls two through twelve." This was no toy, no make-believe; here was a real way of life to turn your baby into a real living doll. For just as grown-size Lilt gives Mommy the reassurance of party-pretty curls while she's swirling the wet mop around the kitchen floor, so little Betsy can have her own new lease on life. Even if she's past her second birthday and going on three, it may not be too late. Just think of the prospects: never again need she be pushed out of the sand box because she has dreary, lank hair. And you'll have the inner glow that comes from being a conscientious parent and seeing that your child is statusfied.

There is a warm familial glow to it all, for even when Betsy reaches the ripe old age of thirteen and graduates from the children's department, she still won't have to leave her home permanent. She can just switch over to the ladies' home permanent. There is more than mere togetherness with this kind of product; it's Foreverness.

Proctor and Gamble was not left for long unchallenged. Along came the Toni Corporation with Tonette, their children's home permanent "for curls that stay care-free." And Richard Hudnut introduced Children's Quick with a touching poem, the meter adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The title, starkly, is MOTHER! Here are the classic couplets:

Like every other *sensible* girl,
Of course, I'd like my hair to curl . . .
But please don't make me go to bed
With stiff old curlers in my poor wet head.
And please don't make me stay inside
For six long hours while my curls are dried.
All I need to do the trick
Is Richard Hudnut's Children's Quick!

The vista here of what happens to your little girl when you use another company's brand is frightening. Not only does she have to be incarcerated all day long; she'll probably catch pneumonia by going to bed with wet hair. And other brands don't even offer hospitalization.

Our driving salesmanship economy has decided that children are exactly the same as grown-ups. The only difference is that they're shorter. And since they're not tall enough to reach up to all the containers on the brand-name shelves, the manufacturers will stoop down. Today, no child needs to grow another inch. The youngest is already consumerable, conformable. If baby can mouth Ma-ma and Da-da, he can jolly well learn to say Buy-buy.

THE VOTE MARKET . . *by Harold Baron*

WE ARE told that the age of machine politics is over. Our younger generation has never heard of Lincoln Steffens and *The Shame of the Cities*. That is a matter of history, now conventionally called the "era of muckrakers." Political science textbooks on local government give a scant and bland four or five pages to the local machine. This downgrading is explained by pointing to the growth of civil service, the decline of patronage, the disappearance of immigrant communities for which the machine provided a social service, and the flight to the suburbs.

Yet anyone who has followed Democratic conventions must be impressed by the strength of the city bosses. In 1952 Estes Kefauver lost the Democratic nomination because he had angered the local politicians by investigating, of all things, racketeering. In the 1960 convention Kennedy's victory was based on the backing of the city bosses — Daley of Chicago, Disalle of Toledo and Ohio, Lawrence of Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania, and the stormy Wagner-DeSapio alliance of New York. The machine hardly seems to be in eclipse.

At the local level the party machinery is in many ways more firmly entrenched than ever. The Democrats, capitalizing on the New Deal identification of their party, no longer have an effective rival Republican organization within the city itself. This undisputed control of the electoral power implies the governmental power necessary to carry out decisions that are made for the entire community. Floyd Hunter in *Community Organization* and *Top Leadership, U.S.A.* has confirmed that the decisive power figures in community decisions are the men who control the large corporate and financial institutions. In a city like Chicago these power wielders are overwhelmingly Republican, and at least rhetorically they do violent battle with the Democrats on national

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issues. On the community level, however, they have formally recognized the electoral control of the Democratic organizations and have even made alliance with them to the point of active support in elections. The role of the corporate leaders is no longer limited to behind-the-scenes deals and threats of reform candidates. The partnership is now public.

The authority of the city government is needed by the leading financial figures in their programs for urban renewal and the maintenance of downtown property values. In Chicago much of the new political alliance was forged in the renewal project for the University of Chicago area. The Board of Directors of the University is indistinguishable in personnel from that of any major LaSalle Street Bank; I also assume that its dominant aims do not differ. The University renewal program will probably end with more than 5,000 fewer living units in the neighborhood. Almost all the renewal programs have been projected in a form that notoriously disregards the welfare of the poorer urban inhabitant. By the same token, such plans are attentive to the needs of the major business institutions. The story holds true with different variations for Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and St. Louis, to name a few places. I shall deal with Chicago because I am familiar with the situation there.

IN CHICAGO the corporate heads support Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, not only in his program for the development of urban property but also in election. During the last mayoralty election campaign, perhaps the majority of the leaders of the United Republican Fund came out for Daley in newspaper advertisements that emphasized his role in the urban development programs. The United Republican Fund is the money-raising organization that shares control of the party with the downstate politicians; it is the political alter ego of the big money in Chicago.

This winter a scandal of tremendous proportions broke in Chicago. [See "Corruption in Chicago" by Leon M. Despres, *The Nation*, March 12.] Some police officers were discovered to be operating a burglary ring. In the course of the revelations the citizens were told of the "satchel men" at each district police station whose job it is to collect the pay-offs for the captain. The power of the Democratic ward committeemen in police promotions was also made public. The entire situation presented a perfect opportunity for the Republicans to attack the Democratic organization and prepare a reform issue for the fall 1960 elections. Quite to the contrary, they cooperated to save Daley's neck. The four major newspapers, controlled by the McCormicks and Fields, attacked the policemen but not the politicians. Top corporate personnel was readily available for a blue-ribbon committee which covered up the political ugliness of the scandal. When the Republican governor, William Stratton, tried to capitalize on the scandal by calling a special session of the legislature, he received no encouragement from the United Republican crowd and had to accept a compromise which left Daley in control. The net political effect is that the Democrats are in a still stronger position in the city.

IT IS the ability of the machine to garner votes that gives it its base of power. This electoral ability is recognized and supported by the holders of the command positions in the economy. The leaders receive political support for community planning decisions; in exchange, the politicians are permitted a rather free hand in the day-to-day conduct of government administration and perquisites. Control of these perquisites, in turn, strengthens the political organization.

The precinct captain, that effective cog in the vote-getting business, has the most immediate problems with metropolitan shifts in population. The 24th Ward, which used to be the home base of Democratic National Committeeman Jake Arvey, was always noted for the larger than 90 per cent majorities that it turned in. It was also noted for being the last ward to report, the implication being that any deficit in votes could be recouped in the wee hours of the morning. Today the once overwhelmingly Jewish population of the 24th Ward has moved to the suburbs or to the far north side of Chicago. It has been replaced by Negroes. Yet, the social-service program of the Arvey machine so maintained its old pattern that only a couple of years ago a veteran precinct captain could complain at Passover time: "They're still handing out matzohs in the 24th. Nobody knows what to do with them. They think we're nuts!" Adjustment is slow. Today in the 24th Ward, as the result of local pressure, there is a Negro alderman, but the vastly more important post of ward committeeman is still held by a white man.

However, the amazing feature of precinct vote-getting is not the slowness of adaptation but the efficiency of old ways. In a well-run precinct the vote is turned out for primary elections and judicial elections as well as for the publicized national elections. This stability of performance is one key to the machine's strength. See how a Democratic primary is run in a West Side ward. In last spring's gubernatorial primary, the contest was between the machine's candidate, the urbane, Harvard-educated, Judge Otto Kerner; and two "reform" candidates who had failed to get the party's nod, Steve Mitchell, former Democratic National Committee Chairman; and State Treasurer, Joe Lohman, a former University of Chicago criminologist. There was little difference of position among the three candidates —though Mitchell trumpeted against machine politics, and Lohman came out for a state income tax and identified himself as a friend of the Negro.

The precinct approached the election in time-tested manner. The three patronage holders are the precinct captain, his son and another co-captain. Their most effective approaches to the voter are face-to-face contact and an appeal by personal obligation. If a family moves into the precinct, its members are visited a couple of times to let them know that the organization is available for favors. Generally speaking, the amount of favors that is forthcoming is in proportion to the number of "good voters" in a household. Four or five good votes in the family can get a great deal accomplished—new

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garbage cans, driveway permits, preferential treatment in the public hospitals, occasional jobs for unemployed members, aid in civil-service appointments. And, of course, ticket fixing, with the precinct captain making the pay-off to the Traffic Court Clerk out of his own pocket. Now that the heat is on the police department, the captain will sometimes even pay the fine. A funeral director in the precinct, with eight votes, gets almost *carte blanche* for such building code and traffic violations as his business may incur.

When you ask the precinct captain if he discusses the issues, a look of amazement comes over his face. "One guy tries to bend my ear about why should he vote when there is no difference between the parties. I tell him some stuff about democracy, but he's a crank. I don't bother to see him any more." Yet almost every voter is seen three times immediately before the election. The major strategy is to establish a personal relation so that the voter will do the precinct captain a favor.

URBAN redevelopment creates problems of contact. A new expressway has bisected this particular precinct and another worker has to be paid "half a hundred" to see the few families on the other side of the highway. A man who speaks Spanish is paid twenty-five dollars to visit the Puerto Rican families.

Election day, of course, is the focal point of all this activity. The voters' personal devotion and obligation has been taken care of. Still, the machinery of the election must be handled. The police in the polling place are each given a ten. The election judges, both Democratic and Republican, are given twenty dollars to augment their salaries. For this bonus one Spanish-speaking judge makes sure that all the Spanish-speaking voters are registered as Democrats. Another explains the operation of the voting machine and in many cases does the chore of pulling the lever. A judicious twenty-dollar contribution is made to the cupboard funds of both the nuns and brothers of the local parochial school. Cars are sent to the school to bring in these thirty good votes. They all vote for Kerner and that is a particular point of pride to the captain, for Mitchell was the only Catholic candidate in the contest. In spite of this well-oiled operation the precinct captain complains: "A few old crabs come up and want a five to vote. You have to take care of them."

The results: 254 out of 280 registered voters cast their votes, 251 of them in the Democratic primary; of these, 243 votes were for Judge Kerner. A resident of the precinct was the candidate for State Representative on the Republican ballot; he received three votes. The precinct's voting record is entered on a blue card that is countersigned by the ward committeeman. The card in this case will be treasured by the precinct captain, for a record like that will carry weight in many places.

EVEN though the precinct organization has turned in a good record for this election, its sights are already on the next campaign. One small store owner, with six voters in his household, had promised to show up, but failed to do so. The day after the polling, the precinct captain was preparing to punish the welcher: "That guy is going to wish that he had voted. The building inspector is going to visit him on Monday, and I can hear him crying now."

The costs of this efficient operation are high. The precinct captain pays out about $300 per election and there are an average of two elections a year. The costs to the public are infinitely higher. The precinct captain has a city job at $800 a month plus a night job with the county at $400. Since the daytime job requires little effort, he has a full-time private job on the side. The son gets $500 a month while the other co-captain receives $600. The patronage costs total up to more than $100 per year per "good vote." As the son says, "It's a good business." What is more, it is an inheritable family possession.

The variations on this story are numerous. In the "river" wards they specialize in voting the winos. Others take advantage of the political capital that can accrue to a law practice, insurance business or bookmaking.

The effective power and the really large perquisites belong to the ward committeeman, but the ultimate strength of the committeeman lies in the ability of his precinct captains to turn out the "good voters."

CHANGES have taken place in the benefits the precinct captain and ward committeeman can bestow. Since World War II the pay-off has been eliminated from the process of obtaining a teaching position. In general, the administrative routine of the Board of Education has been removed from political control. The precinct captain has even imposed limits upon himself. One reported that he took $250 to get a guy through the routine of civil-service appointment to the police force. "Not bad. Half a hundred goes downtown to fix up the deal, and I pocket two hundred. One guy wanted real bad to get on the Fire Department. He gave me five hundred bucks. But I gave him two-fifty back. I'm honest, you see."

Another captain was impressed by the weakening ability of political "clouts" to swing civil-service jobs. He reported that things had changed in the last fifteen years, and cited the following incident as an example. "I wanted to get on the police force and was being examined. The only thing that worried me was that I might not be tall enough. The regulations say that you gotta be 5' 8", and, I don't know, I'm sort of on the borderline. So the night before the physical, I went to see my ward committeeman [one of the most

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powerful in the city] to see what he could do for me. I explained the situation. The committeeman put his arm around me and said, 'Jim, I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do for you. You have to be five-eight. If you limped a little or didn't do so well on the written exam, I could take care of you. But you have to be five feet eight!" This story, however, has a happy ending. The captain ended up in a job paying $7500 a year and requiring little work.

The nature of benefits has changed, too. The importance of handing out jobs to people from households with a large number of "good voters" has declined with the high post-war employment. In the opinion of one captain the most effective benefit in his ward is the fraudulent registration of maternity cases as indigent at Cook County Hospital. He calculates that the money thus saved by loyal voters is three to four hundred dollars per confinement.

THE precinct captain's job is to turn out the vote. The ward committeemen and city leadership have to worry about the strategy of being on the winning side in state and national elections when other voting elements have a part in the decision. The ward committeeman has more flexibility than the state and city leadership, for he can maneuver to have strength in more than one camp.

In the most recent gubernatorial primary I was surprised to see a precinct captain I know sporting a Lohman for Governor button. This fellow manned a precinct in one of the wards in the notorious "West Side bloc." In the past he had also bragged about his friends in the Syndicate, Chicago's racketeering monopoly. Yet, here he was wearing the emblem of a reform, anti-machine candidate. I asked him if he had lost his job with the county. The answer was "No!" Had he had a fight with his committeeman? "No." Was he part of a faction trying to take over the ward? "No."

The answer was, "This is insurance. Remember Henry Horner!" (Henry Horner had defeated the Kelly-Nash machine for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1936.)

This precinct captain was one of several assigned by their committeeman to be in the opposition camp, so that the ward organization would have influence in case of an upset. Meanwhile, the committeeman was supporting the machine's candidate, Kerner. Early in the primary race there was fear that Lohman, who had the patronage powers of the State Treasurer's office, would gain the support of the Mitchell forces. Even though this particular committeeman was one of the chief patronage distributors for the entire organization, he was taking out insurance. "Remember Henry Horner!" The business is getting out votes and being on the winning side.

Why do the working people of a great democratic nation put up with the commercialization of their franchise? I submit that they take what they consider the best of the alternatives presented them. This judgment was well stated ninety years ago in a workingmen's meeting in New York City. The newspaper reported one of the speaker's estimates of the relative merits of the machine and reform candidates:

> [He] then commented upon the "Tammany Ring" doings and the "reform" party, the difference between which he described as follows: "The Tammany 'Ring' divided the spoils with the working people, who earned the money, while the reform party have on the contrary put all the spoils into their own pockets, or into the pockets of those whose money put them into office." (N. Y. *Herald*, Dec. 12, 1873.)

I read to my students from Lincoln Steffens' preface to *The Shame of the Cities*:

> The politician is a business man with a specialty. When a business man of some other line learns the business of politics, he is a politician, and there is not much reform left in him. . . . The commercial spirit is the spirit of profit, not patriotism; of credit, not honor; of individual gain, not national prosperity; of trade and dickering, not principle.

When I announce that this was written fifty-six years ago, a look of surprise comes over my students' faces. They say almost in unison, "But, I thought this was a description of today."

IS THE FRENCH PRESS FREE? . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

RECENTLY A FRIEND, just arrived from the United States, noted that he had been reading back home of how newspapers in France were frequently confiscated "right off the newsstands." He asked: "Is there any freedom of the press left under de Gaulle?"

The answer is not simple. One can argue, quite plausibly, that there *is* freedom — provided one keeps in mind that 90 per cent of French newspapers practice a voluntary "self-censorship," and simply say nothing that might offend the authorities. One can further argue, also plausibly, that the opposition papers are being handled no worse than they were during the last years of the Fourth Republic. Indeed, it can be shown that the Communist press—notably *l'Humanité* and *Liberation*—has been confiscated less frequently by the de Gaulle regime.

The two newspapers which have been seized most often both before and since the General took over, are *France-Observateur* and *l'Express*, liberal weeklies. Entire issues of the former were confiscated on about

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ten occasions prior to this regime, and on six or seven occasions since. The same ratio holds true for *l'Express*, though on the whole it has been confiscated less often. Without exception, the confiscations of both papers were officially attributed to an article, or news item, directly relating to the Algerian war.

As a rule, the Ministry of the Interior takes responsibility for newspaper confiscations, although occasionally the initiative has come from the Ministry of Defense or the Ministry of Information. Under French law, the Interior Ministry is permitted to seize only four copies of any newspaper edition which it believes to be questionable; only after that, *and without interfering with the distribution of the edition*, may it bring formal charges. But for some years now, the ministry has been ignoring the "four copies" stipulation and has been seizing entire editions at the outset. The seizures usually take place in the printer's shop, before distribution has taken place. Occasionally, however, confiscation is decided upon only *after* the newspaper is already on the stands. In a small country town, last summer, I was informed by a newsdealer that local gendarmes had seized his two copies of *France-Observateur* as soon as they had arrived by train from Paris that morning. Evidently, police prefectures throughout the country are instructed to make the rounds of thousands of localities to make sure that not a copy of an "offending" edition reaches the public.

When an issue of *France-Observateur* or *l'Express* is seized, the publishers generally put out the same paper the next day, but omitting the offending article and adding 25 or 50 francs to the normal price (100-125 francs) "to help make up for the loss." Nevertheless, each seizure means a gigantic loss—perhaps four or five million francs ($8,000 to $10,000)—for these small papers.

Practically every confiscation is followed by an official charge, instituted by the Interior Ministry, that the newspaper has "endangered the internal (or external) safety of the state." Generally, the legal action remains pending for months, or even years. Several times publishers have sought to recover from the government losses suffered as the result of confiscations. So far, all attempts have been in vain.

WHILE *France-Observateur* and *l'Express* have been the two principal victims of the confiscatory actions, occasionally a Fascist or Communist publication is seized. But a curious aspect of the Communist papers under the de Gaulle regime is their apparent determined effort to survive at any cost, i.e., to avoid excessive verbal violence, especially on the touchy matter of criticizing de Gaulle directly, or of making dangerous revelations about Algeria.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of press freedom in France today is the case of *Canard Enchaîné*, a satirical weekly which has made funnier cracks and published perhaps more brilliant and devastating stories about the de Gaulle regime than any of its competitors. The paper has been left in perfect peace. This is all the more remarkable because *Canard* has become a kind of safety valve: newspaper men working on "conformist" papers, and even nonconformist government officials, feed it continually with stories that appear nowhere else. De Gaulle himself is said to read it every Wednesday morning.

The explanation seems to be that its hitherto unhindered distribution gives the government an air of extreme liberalism which makes a good impression both abroad and among traditional Republicans here at home. And "after all" — as a government official told me recently — "even though the paper's circulation has trebled in the last two years, it is still read by only a few hundred thousand traditional and sophisticated grousers, who would remain anti-colonialist, anti-clerical and critical of the Army and of the New Order no matter what paper they read."

M. Terrenoire, the Minister of Information, is reported to have drafted a new law whereby the present confiscation procedures, which technically are illegal, will be duly "legalized." M. Pierre Stibbe, a well-known Paris lawyer, commented angrily on the proposal: "To give such a practice a legal appearance is to destroy any inhibitions still existing about seizing newspapers." According to M. Stibbe, the government has also drawn up a decree providing that any newspaper man who has been charged with writing an "anti-security" article, but who is not yet under arrest, would go to jail if he wrote on the same subject before he had been tried. If this decree is actually issued (the report is that the Conseil d'Etat has rejected it so far), not only Fascists like M. Biaggi, one of the heroes of last January's *putsch* in Algiers, could be silenced, but so also could several left-wing editors and writers against whom "anti-security" charges are still pending.

STILL more recently, it has become known that the government is planning to "recast" completely the Press Law of 1881, which has been until now the basic law on the freedom of the press. A draft bill has already been drawn up; it claims in its preamble to "provide even better protection for freedom of speech," but this hypocrisy has been denounced by a substantial part of the French press, led by *Le Monde*. The proposed bill contains the concept of a new offense, called "demoralization of the army," directly inspired by a private members bill introduced by five notorious Fascist members of the National Assembly, including M. Biaggi, and tabled in 1959.

It is feared that *any* criticism of the war in Algeria, or any call to end that war, could be interpreted as demoralizing the army and thus severely punishable. This and other features of the bill suggest that de Gaulle's "liberal phase" will be followed by a much more authoritarian regime, under which whatever teeth are left to the opposition press will be knocked out.

Only a very sharp reaction from the bulk of the French press is likely to dissuade the government from passing this bill, whether by decree or by vote in a tame and unrepresentative parliament. The present conformism of the press is such that no one foresees such an opposition being organized.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

What History Will Not Approve

THE FUTURE AS HISTORY. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper and Bros. 217 pp. $4.

Jacob Cohen

IF WE use the term "radical" purely, referring not merely to thought that is extreme and left-wing, but rather to thought that asks fundamental, root questions, and builds its programs from these questions, then there is growing evidence of a new kind of radicalism in American letters. The old-time leftist may scoff at the movement but that is because his left-right, liberal-conservative orientation today has only tired relevance. No less than the Marxist does the new-style radical begin his inquiry with a fundamental image of the historic process; but he views that process quite differently. He perceives a denser, more multiple, history; a history amenable to analysis, though not simple analysis; predictive though only roughly predictive; one that exhibits tragedy as well as triumph, that contains paradox as well as dialectical simplicity. Much more consistently than the Marxist, the new-style radical sees that man's condition is inescapably rooted in history, and therefore he sees also how futile (and inhuman) is any violent attempt to escape this condition. Yet, unlike the new-conservative, he is not paralyzed by the insight. The fundamental category of analysis for the new-style radical is American civilization itself, and he confronts America in all its complexity as the most relevant and obstreperous of historic realities. He is radical about America and a radical only in an American context.

John Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* is a major document of this position, and, in its way, so too is Daniel Bell's freshly published collection, *The End of Ideology*. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Reinhold Niebuhr have been apostles of the new style for some time. But to my mind the best statement of it is Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Future as History*, subtitled "The Historic Currents of our Time and the Direction in Which They Are Taking America."

Mr. Heilbroner places the new image of history in stage center. The old image which America inherits, he says, is utterly inadequate for the contemporary world and needs to be altered if America is to operate at all successfully. Americans still believe, as their eighteenth-century forefathers believed, that history is utterly receptive to their individual and collective endeavors. They see a history that is idea-directed and hence man-made, a history in which failure is explained by the presence of inadequate ideas and inadequate personnel, and success by adequate ideas and adequate personnel. They view history as infinitely plastic, no more resistant to human design than clay to the potter's fingers. Such a history crowns sincere effort with success and progresses as success accumulates.

TODAY, SAYS Heilbroner, this image of history has become a crippling anachronism. The three great forces — technology, democracy and capitalism — which in the eighteenth century gave rise to these optimistic notions have proven in time that forces for good in history contain within themselves (ironically, not dialectically) the seeds of their own destruction. Technology, which once seemed the unambiguous means by which man might better himself by his own efforts, has now created weapons of mass destruction and an environment which finally dehumanizes man. Democracy, which seemed to contain all the ideals toward which technology might ideally be directed, has spewed forth modern mass society and the excesses of modern revolutions. Capitalism, which once seemed the perfect institutional framework for the attainment of democracy's goals, has been revealed to contain enormities of human suffering, inequity and moral degradation. We have learned rudely that history may frustrate the best of our intentions.

But for America, blessed with unparalleled abundance, until recently isolated from international entanglements, and unburdened with the habit of tragic thought, technology, democracy and capitalism may still seem unalloyed blessings. And we blindly thrust the trends of each into the future, confident that history will approve. History will not approve, says Heilbroner, and if we fail to recognize this we shall foreclose even those possibilities that remain for us.

In the center of his book Heilbroner projects the paths which he feels technology, democracy and capitalism will take into the future and the problems they will present for America:

(1) With regard to technology, he says, we must face the prospect of a nuclear stalemate which will continue into the foreseeable future and whose consequences include an enlarged role for the military in public affairs and an intellectual atmosphere contaminated by the consciousness of impending disaster. We must face too the unavoidable consequences of a modern technological environment which in a thousand ways places man's humanity in jeopardy.

(2) Democracy, combined with technology, will continue to induce popular revolutions in the underdeveloped world. And given the specific setting of these revolutions — their necessarily anti-imperialist bearing, the extreme poverty from which they spring and their concomitant need to industrialize at lightning pace, the tactical necessity for them to ally with the most congenial and sympathetic of the world's powers — we must expect that these revolutions will produce regimes which will find it much easier to dislike America than to dislike the Soviet Union.

(3) As for capitalism, we must expect that America, like all the capitalist nations of the West, will continue her unpremeditated drift toward what must unavoidably be called socialism. Some-

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Fusion

Now tan this morning light
Like the mystic birth of a desert
On the city concrete.
On the corners red suns
Turn green and grass grows
Prodigal on the pavement.
Desert dissolves. Metal herds
Mechanically crush the meadow.

I do not wonder why
This delirium of delight
Bucolically cloaks the city
For my barely focused eyes,
But look over the concrete mowing,
Smell gutters grown with sweet grass
And observe animals, sticky eyed,
Hunting the meadow for coffee.

TOM POOTS

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thing like the present rate of government spending will remain an essential aspect of our economy, even when the current flood of military expenditures abates. We will learn increasingly the folly of expecting that capitalism will be an appealing system for the new nations. We may confidently expect an ever growing abundance, but we will learn that abundance also exacts qualitative human costs, and that the very success of our own economy will feed the resentment of the underdeveloped nations who will be impatient at the slowness of their own development and self-righteous about what will be the increasing disparity between their own living standards and America's.

LIKE MANY men who drink deeply of History's spring, Heilbroner's mood is somber. Not only do most of the trends he analyzes bode ill for the American future, but each of them seems to move in the face of some cherished assumption and habit of American life, a fact which raises doubts in his mind as to America's capacity to deal with them successfully. But if Heilbroner's mood is pessimistic it is never passive. His book is a prolegomenon to action, not to despair. In his concluding pages, and brilliant pages they are, he implores America to exercise the "perilous freedom" which is still permitted her.

Unfortunately, Heilbroner does not pause at the end of his work to suggest a program of action which might now be implemented with that freedom. But we can gather what that program might be by bringing together several of the positive suggestions which he scatters through his book:

(1) In a world where nuclear stalemate is the constant in any future international equation, a new premium is placed on non-military, less-than-ultimate, day-by-day conduct of foreign policy. Shrewd, self-consciously realistic leadership gains new import in a situation where military excursions can no longer settle international differences. This necessitates a leadership which understands that the responsible application of power often compromises an overly abstract morality, indeed that a policy simply impelled by moral abstractions is not only inflexible, but, in this complex and infinitely contingent world, itself immoral. To arrive at this understanding in America will involve an enormous program of public education, for it runs into the teeth of our most cherished habits of mind.

(2) We must endeavor to break the hold which the rhetoric of capitalism has upon American domestic and international actions — a hold which, as Heilbroner shows, has impoverished the public sector of the economy, misplaced and misdirected the processes of national decision-making, blinded us to the realities of the world revolution, and impeded our adaptation to what must necessarily be the socialistic cast of any modern technological society. America is a capitalist nation, in the classic sense, in rhetoric alone. It must be awakened, not to a new rhetoric, but to the facts of its historic situation. At the same time, America must painstakingly attempt to humanize these trends and to conserve the valuable qualities of the older capitalism as effectively as history will permit.

(3) We must understand the degree to which problems such as juvenile delinquency, poor education, criminality, urban and suburban ugliness, cultural impoverishment, are functions of our historic drift and therefore not amenable to simple solutions. We must learn the habit of alleviating evils when we cannot eliminate them, a habit which can only be learned as part of the entire reorientation on the nature of history which is here proposed.

(4) Our philosophers must maintain for America her sense that she is a significant participant in the ultimate process of history in the face of a historical current which will continually rebuff and alienate her, and which cannot be totally redirected to her liking. It is as formidable a philosophic task as any in man's memory, and in attempting it American philosophers will again be performing tasks which philosophers ought to perform vis-à-vis their civilization.

There will be many (this writer not among them) who will feel that Heilbroner unduly limits the spectrum of possibilities open to America at this moment. Yet he forces his more optimistic critics to challenge him on grounds as fundamental as his own. If only by restoring this high seriousness to contemporary dialogue, he has performed a notable service.

Bloodshed Near Archangel

THE IGNORANT ARMIES. By E. M. Halliday. Harper and Bros. 232 pp. $4.50.

Alexander Werth

"WE REMEMBER," said Khrushchev at Los Angeles last September, "the grim days when American soldiers stepped on our soil to help the White Guards to fight the new Revolution." American intervention in Russia after the Revolution is commonly associated with the simultaneous, largely *political* "check-Japan" intervention in the Far East; and non-specialists scarcely remember that five thousand American soldiers also took part in what was primarily a British *military* operation in Northern Russia. It started in the middle of 1918 and continued for a year. The ultimate purpose of the "Archangel Front" (regardless of what Woodrow Wilson said and even meant) was to "drive down to the Trans-Siberian" and to join forces with the Czechoslovaks (first version) and (second version) with the main forces of Admiral Kolchak marching "on Moscow" from the East. Muddleheaded and ineffectual though the whole intervention "by fourteen nations" was, it has stuck in Russian memories to this day.

In *Khorosho!* ("Fine!"), Vladimir Mayakovsky's famous 1929 poem, known to practically every schoolchild in the Soviet Union, there are some lines on Archangel which, roughly translated, run like this:

Lady, ask your colonel to tell you
How the Dvina River, dyed with blood,
Thawing and sweating out corpses,
Was carrying her horrible cargo to the Polar Sea;
How a dozen heroes would shoot
A single Communist with ropes tied round him;
How His Majesty's officers ran from our rifle shots,
Clearing the beaches. . . .
But "It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go. . . ."
Damn you all, you lousy kingdoms and democracies,
With your phoney fraternités and your stinking egalités.
You are pouring showers of lead on our heads
But we're alone, and we've nowhere to hide.
"Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy!"
In the midst of this bellow of rifles and guns,
There's an island called Moscow, and

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we're on this island.
We're hungry and poor, with Lenin in our brain
And a gun in our hand. . . .

Was Mayakovsky, as usual, glorying in wild hyperbole? E. M. Halliday writes as follows in his first chapter, describing the battle of Toulgas which was fought, by a strange irony, on and during the two days following Armistice Day, November 11, 1918:

> If Trotsky was at Toulgas [as some Bolshevik prisoners claimed] he must have gone away thoroughly enraged. . . . Over 300 soldiers, including several of his best commanders, were killed, and countless others wounded, while the Allies had only 28 killed and about 70 wounded. What had promised to be a massacre of the Americans and British had turned out to be a massacre of Bolsheviks.

So, in a sense, the waters of the Dvina *were* "dyed with Russian blood"; Russia never quite forgot it, even though intervention is associated in her mind with England, and, above all, with Churchill, rather than with the United States.

Toulgas is nothing more than a village on the banks of the Dvina, about 200 miles inland from Archangel. What were the doughboys doing there, fighting a grim Arctic war? Mr. Halliday says in his final summing-up chapter that, according to George F. Kennan, the American soldiers in North Russia "took no part in any actions other than ones of a defensive nature," a statement wholly contradicted by Mr. Halliday's detailed account. The author sees a more candid assessment in what Churchill said in 1953: "The strangling of Bolshevism at birth would have been an untold blessing to the human race."

THE IGNORANT ARMIES is admirably done, though perhaps it is less a systematic historical study than a swift-moving documentary of episodes. It recounts scenes both at various military outposts deep inside the Russian North, and in the tragi-comic "capital" of Archangel, with its "provisional government" under a "Social-Revolutionary" anti-Bolshevik dreamer called Chaikovsky and later, with a White Russian army of wholly unreliable, largely pro-Soviet recruits under the command of a Czarist general, E. K. Miller. In the Russian North, there was even less "social basis" for a White Army than elsewhere in Russia. At one point, some of these Russian "allies" mutinied and murdered five of their British officers.

Mr. Halliday has made good use of the available American, British and French records of the expedition; better still, he has talked to as many survivors — now rather aged gentlemen — among the American "Polar Bears" as possible. His portraits are most entertaining: the fanatically anti-Red U.S. Ambassador Francis, with his genius for misinforming Washington; the first (pre-November Armistice) British commander, General Poole, an almost unbelievably stupid Blimp; all kinds of Russian puppet "ministers" and "generals," among them that picturesque Armenian adventurer, "General" Torcom who, with great solemnity, conferred a self-made "Order of the Star of Armenia" on a flattered British general, but who, before long, thought better of it and emigrated to England. All this story of silliness, blundering, wishful thinking and the irresponsible waste of lives is vividly told, though its admittedly complex contours could perhaps have been made clearer.

I have only one criticism to make of this otherwise excellent book. Of what went on on the Soviet side during the Archangel operations Mr. Halliday tells us nothing. He tends to assume that Trotsky (no one else is mentioned) conducted the operations, and says that, by the middle of 1919, the Russian troops had got much tougher and better armed and organized. But there is nothing to show that Mr. Halliday has studied any Soviet books or documents on this "Archangel War." No doubt, even the most recent Soviet histories of the Civil War and the Intervention are not "fair" to Trotsky; nevertheless, they contain an enormous amount of factual material which cannot be simply dismissed as propaganda, and would at least have been worth looking at.

No Exit

THE PARATROOPER OF MECHANIC AVENUE. By Lester Goran. Houghton Mifflin Co. 246 pps. $3.50.

Terry Southern

AT THE beginning of *The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue* is a description of the strange high steps known as "Sobaski's Stairs," which rise up through the grotesque Pittsburgh slum where the action of this book is placed, and the advanced reader's first impression may be that the term "Paratrooper" in the title is not being used in the ordinary military sense but will refer to some tormented soul who flings himself off the top of these steps and into Mechanic Avenue far below.

If the book does not quite measure up, and I'm afraid it does not, to such a contemporary level of multi-*entendre*, it nevertheless does have its moments and should prove enjoyable, especially to readers of Nelson Algren, of whose style and tone the author is evidently a close protégé (though it might be well to note that the old master himself would doubtless take exception to Mr. Goran's omission of goofball-heads from this particular scene, as well as his use of the word "hep" instead of "hip").

The tale is a gray one; Ike-o Hartwell, its protagonist, is born during the gloomy winter of 1931 in a tenement hall-toilet shared by nine families; his father is a Bowery-type wino and his mother a 250-pound moron. The family's circle of friends—Fats Smolcher, Rosie Plotkin, Whorehouse John, Catfish Gedunsky—are of similar stamp and kidney, so that Ike-o's youth is a fair balance of bleakness and tumult. These colorful circumstances, of the boy's birth and childhood, are presumably not without a suggestion of irony since he is a direct descendant of "Colonel Isaac Hartwell, 1737-1807, Brandywine, Trenton and Princeton, and aide-de-camp to General Washington."

Ike-o goes into the Army during the Korean affair and spends two or three years being shuffled between detention barracks and mental hospitals, after which he comes back to the neighborhood wearing a paratrooper outfit and describing his imaginary skirmishes.

Mr. Goran has addressed himself, primarily, to the subject of *the slum* and has written about it with an unfaltering earnestness and considerable authority. Like Algren and Saroyan, however, he occasionally tries to inject a certain *La Bohème* richness into the depressing relationships he's treating, and cooler tastes will probably find these bits of warmth and camaraderie merely literary or maudlin. The fact is that a distinctly tragic flavor pervades the story which no amount of sentimental sop can disguise—a sort of no-exit hopelessness about the lives and limitations of the people involved. An arresting summation occurs near the end of the book with the death of Miss Fireman, a dedicated and energetic social worker who has spent her entire life in the slum, to finally die, old and broken, but mercifully unaware that at the funeral someone can ask: "How does it happen she can be put into the ground like that and there ain't one real thing different with the world?"

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LETTER from FINLAND

Jean Martin

EMBARKING by night boat from the moneyed sophistication of Stockholm, the American tourist bound for Finland finds himself switched overnight into the grim, gray atmosphere of the so-called "poorer" tourist countries — countries living behind, under, or at the fringes of the Iron Curtain; countries in which life is all boiled-meat-and-potatoes and second-hand double-breasted suits. The Finns live a fiercely independent life, yet remain edgily aware of their position as a window between Russia and the Free World. Life in Finland is happier, the tone freer than in the satellite countries, but the shadow of Russia is present.

The boat service from Stockholm to Turku, Finland's third largest city, is excellent but crowded, and the tiny buffet-cafeteria has a long line waiting for sausages and mashed potatoes. The crowd is tinged with a pleasant peasant coarseness, and happily innocent of "high style"; many of them carry garish souvenir Kewpie dolls that are well outside the pale of Scandinavian Good Design. All night long, up and down the corridor of the second-class cabins, an argument rages which is endlessly complicated, irresistibly interesting, but unfathomably in Finnish. It involves an ever-changing cast of voices, footsteps, thuds, scuffling, sobbing, moaning, arguing and invective. In the morning I ask a lady who looks like Isak Dinesen and who is reading a book in English on the Bahai religion if she knows what it was all about. She tells me that it was a family fight, that they were all drunk and that a lady broke her arm. She doesn't seem to find this unusual on the night boat to Finland. She says that she is a worker for Bahai stationed, inexplicably it seems to me, in Helsinki and that the Finns are a very proud people and tired of having their country ravaged by other people's wars. A Swede breaks in to tell me the Finns are fierce fighters and habitual knife-carriers—a piece of information he accompanies with a sinister gesture and which is a widely held Scandinavian prejudice for which I find no evidence.

At Turku the passengers disembark and head for an ancient black railroad car which makes direct connection with Helsinki. They seem to regard anyone staying in Turku as markedly eccentric, and we cast a wistful glance after them, then climb doggedly aboard an empty streetcar which jolts along through boring, semi-industrial outskirts to the town center. A steady rain begins to fall as we reach the vast gray town square and, since Turku boasts one of the few remaining second-hand open-air markets, to the general grimness of the scene is added a tangle of depressingly dubious junk. But in the market a woman is cheerfully selling twig brooms like those the witches used in fairy tales; she also has fresh green bunches of leaves for the *sauna* baths. The one shop bordering the square which is even faintly "Finnish modern" has a tricky self-supporting spiral staircase, a bubble phone booth, and houses a gourmet shop which offers such oddities as a small jar of American instant coffee for two dollars.

IN A MILK *baari* where we see adult patrons solemnly drinking a single unaccompanied glass of plain old milk, we examine our newly purchased book of language catch-phrases published in Helsinki by the Esperanto Society, for we have already discovered the incredible jungle comprising the Finnish language barrier. The Esperanto Society's compact little book lists things in nine languages but ends with the peevishly pointed footnote that all this could be avoided if we would all just learn Esperanto. In the meantime we are reduced to using German (which the Scandinavians resent since it reminds them of the days of Nazi occupation) to get us onto a train to Tampere, Finland's second largest city. The train is an ancient one — a coal-burner that chugs along lugubriously through the rain in a dank, sparse countryside feathered with firs, and completely innocent of billboards.

Our car is filled with drably dressed people who take off their shoes and lie down on the musty red plush seats to nap, while we stare out the window at small, gray farms. At Toijala, they all suddenly pull themselves together, replace shoes, hats and scarves, and depart, and a distracted conductor who finds the language barrier insurmountable leads us by the hand like children to a spot further along the platform where he points to the ground ("Wait here") and then down the track ("Train for Tampere comes there"). Toijala, we later learn, is one of Finland's major railroad intersections, but it has a roundhouse of such antique vintage and with such obsolete equipment that I am moved to remark that someone ought to be taking a picture.

Eventually a train comes puffing along and we climb aboard to meet the fishy stares of fellow passengers who seem to know an American tourist when they see one. Tampere, whose Chamber of Commerce extolls its modern main street "stretching" a half-mile forward of the railroad station, is a mixture of the dull and the sprightly. In a 1930ish restaurant filled with drably dressed men who look like extras out of a Depression era movie, we have boiled lamb and potatoes in sour cream sauce with dill, while the manager urges us to stay for the dancing later and we wonder who all those men are expecting to dance *with*. Instead, we wander out through town and over a bridge which displays Tampere's four major pieces of sculpture representing Maiden, Hunter, Progressive Government Official and Tax Collector, and we notice that even the big public buildings have enormous piles of firewood behind them. In a park bordering on a lake tall firs rise to a fringe of soft needles and the silence among them is an old silence like that of the sequoias. Suddenly we come upon a troupe of actors in hose and doublet — a dress rehearsal of Shakespeare in Tampere's newly built outdoor theatre. It is a bowl in which a huge turntable revolves the audience round and round, while the actors perform on the grounds surrounding it. They invite us to watch the rehearsal, and the complications of following Shakespeare in Finnish are lightened by the pleasant anticipatory hum of the motors as the bowl gets ready to revolve in the Finnish Forest of Arden.

From Tampere boats leave daily for Aulanko, the government-sponsored resort which is described everywhere as the Finnish equivalent of "swanky." With a group of Swedish Gas Company employees who are celebrating the com-

Dionysius on Vase, B.C.

Flat as thought, thin-lined and funny,
curled phallus and wide giggled ears,
caricatured eyes that tickle like a beard
here's a wicked jack for a mock marriage.
No sweetness here, but true satyr,
he dances round a ring of runty little
nymphs.
Horns play, wine whistles,
gods walk into walls,
jazzing up the New York Metropolitan.
Flowers fizz to bells,
the danced imagination
followed by another race of fauns.

JANE MAYHALL

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pletion of a training course, and who are the most relentless shutter-bugs I have met, we sail through the Finnish lakes to the strains of "When the Saints Go Marching In" which one of them can play on the guitar and which all Scandinavian teen-agers adore. Aulanko is beautifully situated, but it is, alas, pseudo-modern, antiseptic, impersonal, and we go on to nearby Hameenlinna ("birthplace of Sibelius") which has two hotels, the finer of which is called "Society House" and furnishes old-fashioned washbowl and pitcher made out of modern Finnish Arabia ware. In Hameenlinna there is a river to fish in, an old castle to house the army, and some industrial plants which would be considered an eyesore in America, but are looked on with pride by the Finns. In a *baari*, couples share one bottle of orangeade and the manager dutifully warns us in advance of the price of a "Melba," apparently one of the few words that made it intact into Finnish. The big square of the town with its newly gilded little gold lion is devoid of activity until the movie lets out, then a few old Packards arrive to buy hot dogs at the little blue stand. The government-run liquor store has closed hours ago, for Finland, like the other Scandinavian countries, has a policy aimed at curbing alcoholism. Even to the most casual tourist in Scandinavia, this problem is noticeable, and nowhere more so than in Norway where the number of drunks, not happy or argumentative, but bleary-eyed and seeking oblivion, is enormous. I asked a Norwegian why this problem is so particularly theirs and he offered the theory that there is something in the Norwegian temperament which compels them to be first or nothing — "and if you are not first you are nothing, and so they drink."

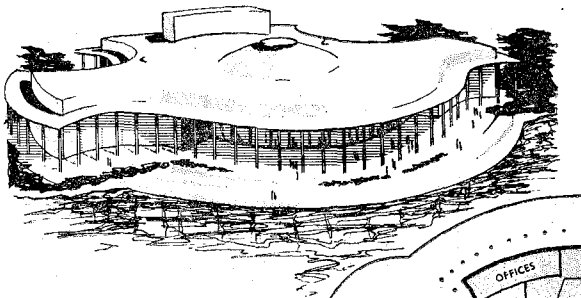
However that may be, there is plenty of work around for the Salvation Army and they are proportionately in evidence; in fact the first thing we encounter in the Helsinki railroad station is a delegation of them. This Saarinen station, which I had envisioned as the epitome of modern Finland, turns out to be by Saarinen *Senior* and is rather dark, dated and Frank Lloyd Wrightish; but the tourist information center assigns us to some student dorms that are clean, bright and relentlessly modern. Helsinki, everywhere described as a "modern" city, is a mixture of modern, old-modern, and old, but its people are friendly, cheerful, forward-looking, though there are several cryptic references to "our parliament, if you could call it that. . . ." For me, the Finnish National Gallery sums up as well as anything the historic and economic position of Finland today. Unlike the Louvre or the British National Gallery, which display in tactless splendor a national history of past abundance, Finland has a little art collection made up studiously of one of everything: one Picasso, one Braque, one Cezanne, one Van Gogh, etc. — all neatly lined up cheek by jowl with an abundance of Finnish painting that includes such items as an exceptionally realistic portrait of an injured angel being carried out on a stretcher, presumably for immediate first aid.

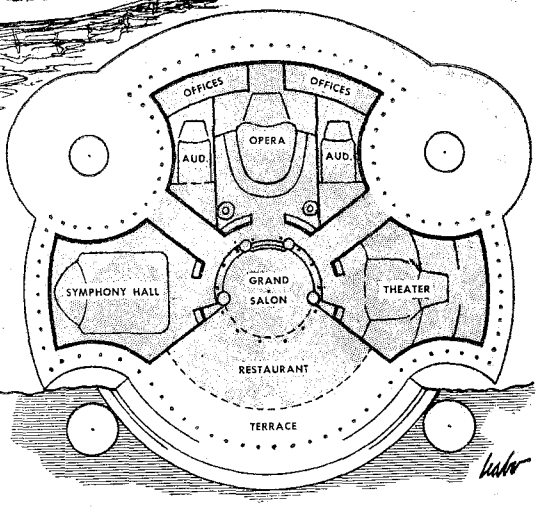
On the plane back to London I talk to two Finnish lady dentists who are en route to a convention in Dublin and I tell them that the usual cliché used to describe Finland is that of a window which the East uses to look at the West and which the West uses to gaze in at the East. To my surprise they agree completely, only adding, "Comes now a difficult time for Finland for she does not wish to be with one or the other and it will now be very difficult to keep her own place."

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

"I WOULD say that Washington is primarily a city of white buildings in a park-like setting," architect Edward D. Stone commented some months ago, when unveiling his preliminary design for the immense National Cultural Center projected for a superbly green site overlooking the Potomac in the District of Columbia. He added, "I would see no reason for departing from that," and with this misleadingly modest statement he detailed his scheme for a single, solid building, basically circular, whose outside circumference would be a blank limestone wall approximately half a mile long, and whose corpus would include an opera house, a repertory theatre, a theatre of the dance, and





other king-size spaces. In plan, the design is like an immense doughnut with several bites taken out of it for majestic entrances. The theatres and opera hall (see diagram) lie in the edible region of the doughnut, as does a large restaurant and some terraces hung nicely out over the river. This doughnut is really a bun, however; at its core is another big bite, a round room 180 feet in diameter intended to serve as interior lobby for all theatres and as a social catchall: "I felt apologetic about our country when New York gave a formal reception for Queen Elizabeth in an armory. A country as great and as wealthy as ours should have rooms for state occasions. Smaller countries have them."

Stone is one of the most successful architects in the United States today, having captured the imagination of the people — certainly of the press — with such grandiose architectural notions as this immense and impersonal symbol of the entertaining arts. He designed the U.S. exhibit building for the Brussels World's Fair of 1958, also a round building, but with a pool in its center, as well as the U.S. Embassy in New Delhi, which had a large pool in its core too, not a social armory. These are much live-

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lier designs than his cultural center because the open cores do subtract from their deadly bulk. They also have a good deal of intrinsic glitter, which the cultural center lacks so far.

The cultural center was established and given its choice homestead in Washington by act of Congress; but it is to be financed by more than $60 million in contributions solicited from the public and foundations. In fairness, it should be pointed out that what has been announced is but a preliminary design, and the ramparts which its architect mans with an air of finality may be but a fence, behind which he will redesign the project in a more vigorous way. I hope so.

For what he has drawn so far is a real document to the danger of the quest for both immensity and elegance, a difficult combination, as most of Washington itself testifies. In describing Washington's whiteness in a park, which apparently can hypnotize even good architects, Stone might well have added a couple of other adjectives: neoclassical and spiritless. In its official buildings, Washington truly is less like a park than an overblown cemetery, full of half-hearted monuments manned by government employees—a hopeless atmosphere, I would think, in which to attempt action.

This design for live culture is a match for the memorials. A glance at its plan is enough to establish that Stone — a talented man who for twenty-five years has ranked high in the modern movement — picked the big bland shape, then fitted the various functions into it, rather than starting with the spaces and shaping the complex with them. It is quite difficult to absorb a full-sized opera house into anything, to lose the operatic mass and shape and render it anonymous, but his enormous design does just that. Stone has said that in the shape of the cultural center he will recall another feature of Washington, L'Enfant's majestic circular plazas. The only comment on this can be why? Why not recall the shape of an opera house?

No, this bulky building — surrounded in the drawings by a bronze colonnade holding up nothing but the pallid spirit of neoclassicism—must be an image for fund raising alone. It is a shrewdly difficult floor plan from which to subtract elements. Perhaps, when the money has been amassed, the building will then really be designed as a symphony, instead of a thud on a big bass drum. But, again, it is difficult to be confident about this, in the face of Stone's voiced determination. He has defined the flavor he seeks in a deadly way: "Architecture is an ageless art, so the origin of a building like this should be lost in history, as it were. Just as it should not be what currently is the mode, neither should it be archeological. By that, I mean it shouldn't be a copy of a building of a past culture. It really should represent 2,500 years of Western culture, rather than twenty-five years of modern architecture."

Yet doesn't a building, like a man, have to stand for something, or it is nothing? If it attempts to be all things to all the segments of Western culture of the past twenty-five (count them!) centuries, how can it be true to our own time, a genuine expression of the culture we are so nervous about? Shunning vitality, it can only be vacuous. Mussolini tried, and of course failed, to have his buildings represent both the triumphs of the past and the ability to avoid decisions of the present. As a result, his neo-nothings now stand among the noble ruins of Rome — imitation buildings designed to be put on postcards.

I may be taking this design too hard, but it strikes me as the weakest recent architecture of any reputation at all, a grave mistake by an accomplished man. It is reminiscent of the vast, dreary, faceless, placeless war department building across the river in Virginia, a cultural Pentagon.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ON A recent Sunday, Bosley Crowther, film critic of *The New York Times*, published a column in which he urged that importers of foreign-language pictures drop subtitles and substitute English-dubbed dialogue. This had been a matter of doubt in Mr. Crowther's mind for some time, and the film that finally convinced him was *The Rest Is Silence*, a German work based on the *Hamlet* plot. The picture is, in fact, rather wordy and the subtitles are conspicuous; also, lines of English are spoken now and then, and Mr. Crowther wished the cast would go right on talking it.

He says that "a valiant band of zealots" will take strong exception to the suggestion, and I want briefly to express my zeal.

The arguments Mr. Crowther uses are not new — subtitles are a blemish on the screen and distract attention from the action, dubbing can be done so expertly as to defy detection, foreign pic-

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tures are now so profitable that distributors can well afford the expense of an English sound track. The result would be more convenient and more artistic than the superimposed titles.

More convenient, perhaps, but I don't think more artistic. It is not a question of technical dexterity. Such problems have been pretty well solved — though there is still no way, for example, to put "thank you" convincingly into a mouth that is saying "merci"; if it happens in a close-up, something very peculiar is going to happen. But granted the dubber's skill, the device is all wrong psychologically and logically. In the first place, there is something repellent about putting words into someone's mouth; it reduces the performer to a puppet. If you are going to graft another voice onto an actor, you might as well go the whole way and graft another head. At least the mouth would be speaking the same language as the sound track.

More important, what kind of voice are you to use? In the picture in question, most of the principals are German industrialists, former Nazis rehabilitated by American foreign policy. Should they speak with German accents? A man with an accent is a man living in a foreign culture — these people are, in fact, the epitome of their culture; they have no accents at all. Should they talk like Gregory Peck in a movie adapted from John O'Hara? Or should they talk that vague "internationalized," or broadcast, English that is pasteurized out of all individuality? Part of what makes this picture good is the verisimilitude of the characters; dubbing cannot find an equivalent for the voices that contribute so much to their reality. Should we also dub English imports? A lot of people would understand Alec Guinness better if he talked like Montgomery Clift.

I recognize that a similar problem exists in the theatre, but there it is not a question of merely putting new voices into an existing performance. The whole production is translated and directed by someone who, presumably, knows how to engender a foreign atmosphere for American audiences. Subtitles are a compromise — they take a little effort and they are never as good as knowing the language being spoken. But their virtue is exactly that they are openly added and do not tamper with the internal structure of the picture. Dubbing is fakery; and unlike makeup and the other illusions of the screen and theatre, it is fakery performed on a finished work.

THE REST IS SILENCE is an ingenious and arresting picture. I don't know that much is accomplished by this sort of transcription; it proves that Shakespeare's plots speak to all ages, but that hardly needs proving. However, the parallels are carried out with taste and good common sense. Ophelia does not die, so the only grave Hamlet has to fall into is Polonius'; that doesn't make much sense, but it is the one real blunder. Also, Helmut Kautner, who wrote and directed, has had the nerve to depart from the parallel when it would become strained. We are spared, thus, a piling up of corpses at the end that would turn funny in contemporary context. If the tragedy is not so well resolved as *Hamlet*, its fading off may be more akin to our less vivid and decisive age. Finally, the characters are real Germans in real situations of their own, not just Horatio, Laertes, Gertrude and the rest in modern dress. This Hamlet teaches philosophy at Harvard when he is not tracking down his father's murderer.

NOT ALL material — not even all good material — can be used effectively on the screen. In witness of this rather evident truth, two pictures are now running in New York. Both are well cast and intelligently directed, neither is by any means without merit; but I watched them with uneasy resistance because they seemed so uneasy in the medium.

One of the pictures is *School for Scoundrels*, in which Alastair Sim, Terry-Thomas and Ian Carmichael disport themselves in Peter Ustinov's adaptation of Stephen Potter's *Gamesmanship* and its successors. The British comics are all at the top of their routines and Potter's vinegar morality produces a series of very funny staccato gags. But each scene is autonomous, the arrangement is both arbitrary and mechanical, and nothing you could call a movie ever emerges — it is more a package of lively illustrations for the amusement of those in the audience who know the text.

The other example is *Marie-Octobre*, a brooding mystery directed by Julien Duvivier with Danielle Darrieux and an excellent supporting cast. It is based on a novel by Jacques Robert and concerns the efforts of a small group of underground fighters in World War II to discover, twenty years later, who among them betrayed the band and caused the death of its leader.

The personalities are moderately interesting and sufficiently equivocal to start a dozen hares, but the trouble with the picture is that it remains in one room and consists entirely of talk. A Hollywood director would inevitably have re-enacted the War scenes, with the main performers miraculously rejuvenated; he might even have used the *Roshamon* stunt of playing the crucial moments in a series of superimposed flashbacks representing each narrator's memory, or at least story, of the events.

This could be attacked as vulgarizing the book, but at least it would have given a basis for a movie. The camera has no talent for drawing-room melodrama; it grinds almost audibly when all it is given for recording is a slow kaleidoscope of groupings to indicate the shifting finger of suspicion. You will sit out *Marie-Octobre* to be told who the villain was, but I think you will also squirm a bit as the long night wears along.

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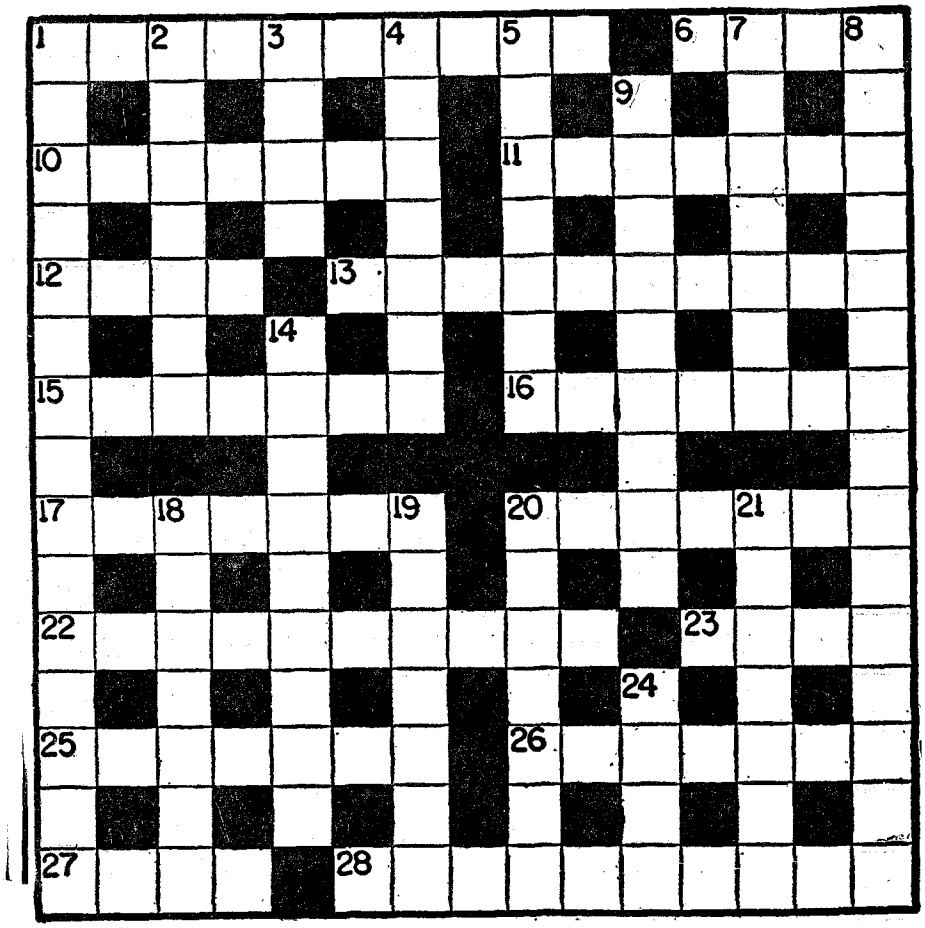
Crossword Puzzle No. 879

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 11 across
6 Makes a hound sound like horses. (4)
10 How tears flow! (This might keep you off the track.) (7)
11 and 1 across Dramatic circle? (7, 2, 3, 5)
12 Hugo's second wine. (4)
13 What might be found on credit is part valor? Not the least! (10)
15 Good fortune will even petty minds, according to Plutarch. (7)
16 Present imperfect, bothering early gardeners. (7)
17 Responds agreeably to challenging circumstances. (7)
20 Head covering on a lady journalist should look well. (7)
22 Serge might say it, if talkative, but it isn't important. (10)
23 His hands were spotted when his voice was disguised. (4)
25 Like Bumble's law? (7)
26 Emerson quoted a Dutch one, saying paint costs nothing. (7)
27 Such a philosophy could well confuse the painter. (4)
28 Robin might make a commendable graduate student, perhaps. (10)

DOWN:

1 The quality of not having one leg might imply the unbeatable. (15)
2 See 24 down
3 A good point in this case? (4)
4 I used to get excluded! (7)
5 They might suggest the advertising section. (7)
7 Approximately three feet on a horse? (7)
8 See 24 down
9 You've possibly heard before that it's a great help in communications. (9)
14 Beat mine, in a figurative sense. (9)
18 The sound of metal tapping on the motor shaft on holiday, perhaps. (7)
19 Wind with a little firm up and down direction, after a respectful beginning. (7)
20 A cowboy might be on his face and legs. (7)
21 Famous "Life" writer. (7)
24, 2 and 8 You'd better have, if you're a violinist or a ladies' man. (4, 4, 3, 6, 2, 4, 3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 878

ACROSS: 1 and 27 The Battle of the Sexes; 9 All at sea; 10 Answer; 11 Hostile; 12 Tipster; 14 Refund; 15 Algerian; 17 Klondike; 20 Anthem; 22 Adulate; 24 Carouse; 26 Seeing; 28 Secretaries. DOWN: 2 Heartburn; 3 Bustled; 4 and 13 Tea leaves; 5 and 18 Leading ladies; 6 Oasis; 7 Alcove; 8 Geneva; 16 Retrocede; 19 Integer; 20 Amateur; 21 Ensues; 23 Loire; 25 Stet.

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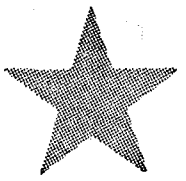

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